

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE INCONSTANT;—A TALE OF THE DRAMA.

YOUNG Mirabel, the only son of a rich old citizen of Paris, was just returned from his travels through Italy, Germany, and Flanders; where he had seen all that was to be seen, learned all that was to be learned, and now came home a finished rake and a complete fine gentleman. He was extremely handsome, and there was such fascination in his wildness, such playfulness in his eccentricity, that he became an object of universal admiration as well as censure. The companion of his travels was Captain Duretete; a light, flimsy, good-humoured coxcomb, who had received a solid education, such as might render him fit for the pulpit or a court of law, but which by no means qualified him for the army. Learning to a contracted mind is but an incumbrance: where it does not expand, it will lie upon the surface like a leaden weight, pressing down those lighter and more pleasing qualities of the dispositions which flow from the heart rather than the intellect. It was thus with Captain Duretete: shut up with grave old men, their manners became his, not so much from inclination as from habit. He could reason mechanically on the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; he had their doctrines by heart, but their principles were equally above his practice or comprehension: he had, consequently, laid in a store of what was useless to him, and had neglected all those pleasing elegances of manner, so requisite as a passport through life. When, therefore, thrown suddenly upon the gay world, all was new and strange: his knowledge of books he found of much less value than his knowledge of dancing would have been; and whilst the old men praised him for his erudition, young men laughed at him for his pedantry, and women made a jest of him for his bashfulness and want of gallantry. He might almost be said to resemble an elephant in a drawing room, ashamed of his own uncouthness, conscious that he did possess a value; yet that value was nominal, as no one he associated with either understood or prized it. Mirabel, the sprightly, animated, elegant Mirabel, was the model he attempted to copy: but the attempt sat as uneasy upon him as upon the ass who strove to play the gambols of the lapdog; so that Mirabel used frequently to say, "This fellow went abroad like an ox and is returned like an ass; I shall never be able to make any thing of him."

No two characters could be more opposite than those of Mirabel and Duretete, yet they were sworn friends and inseparable companions. Duretete was too proud of the honour of Monsieur Mirabel's friendship to be jealous of his more shining qualities; and his stupidity, folly, bashfulness, or what was still worse, his assumed impudence, were as foils to Mirabel, who kept him in his train as a sort of whetstone to his wit; which shone the more brilliant from the gawky admiration of his friend. Yet

Duretete's heart was good, and Mirabel, who, in spite of the apparent levity of his character, possessed a solid understanding, separated the good from the bad: he therefore valued Duretete for those qualities which were really valuable; and blamed his preceptors rather than himself for those qualities which habit and education had rendered ridiculous. In vain Mirabel strove to initiate him into the manners of the age, and rouse him to something like self-possession; bid him look thus, or thus, or speak thus, and thus. Poor Duretete would sigh, draw out his pocket glass, and ruefully examining his rueful physiognomy, swear the thing was impossible.

Previous to his going abroad, Mirabel had formed an attachment to Ma'mselle Oriana, the orphan daughter of a gentleman of fortune, and his father's ward: they had sworn fidelity to each other, and exchanged contracts; but absence had produced a very different effect on the minds of each. Oriana, passing her life in a sort of pleasing retirement, considered constancy as the first of human virtues, and what was merely an impulse of love in the girl was fixed as a principle in the woman; Mirabel, on the contrary, (leading a life of gaiety, open to all the allurements of beauty and manners, admired by the women, envied by the men,) considered constancy as a vulgar virtue; matrimony as a rude bondage, an insufferable restraint upon his pleasures; and though not vitiated enough to look upon infidelity as a merit, he at least thought it an admissible error, a folly of youth, for which the austerity of age would make ample atonement.

Oriana was in raptures at the idea of his return; yet she was not without anxiety. Mirabel had the reputation of a rake; and, though her good sense whispered that such a character was little likely to contribute to her happiness, love induced her to hope his errors were only venial, and that his regard for her would be as a charm to allure him from all unwarrantable pleasures. Bizarre, another ward of old Monsieur Mirabel's, a lively animated girl, rallied Oriana on her passion, and would have laughed her out of it if possible. Bizarre was a coquette, who set as little value upon men as Mirabel did upon women, save for her own especial amusement in turning their various follies into ridicule; and she resolved on playing some of her tricks, both upon Mirabel and his absurd friend the gallant captain.

When they paid their visit to old Mirabel, he received them with raptures; his boy, Bob, was his pride and joy, and he gazed on his blooming countenance and saucy manners with delight. It was his dear boy, Bob; and all he did or said must be charming. He halloed to the girls to come and welcome the travellers. "Here they are," exclaimed the old man, "come along, my wenches, come along, my little filberts; look at 'em Bob, ayn't they nice girls! I say, Bob, you shall marry one of them, you shall have your choice. Duretete, you shall have your choice too, but Robin must choose first." Duretete looked sheepish, and slunk back, while Mirabel eyed them through his glass, with the most provoking indifference. "Well, Bob, ayn't they nice girls, hey?" "Umph, yes, Sir, pretty well." "Pretty well, you dog, ayn't

they lovely?—I say, Bob, which do you like?" "I like both, Sir; like 'em both, 'pon honour." "But which will you marry?" "Neither, Sir, I thank you; I am not sufficiently tired of my life, to give occasion for hanging myself yet?"

Old Mirabel was half disposed to be angry at this slight put upon his little girls; particularly Oriana, whom he knew to be attached to his graceless son. But the archness of his merry countenance, and the elegant carelessness of his manner, disarmed him; and thinking his "little filberts" would manage him best, he made an excuse to go away, that he might leave them to make the trial. Oriana felt piqued at Mirabel's indifference; yet trusting it was assumed only, she addressed him, giving him a hint that she hoped he had not forgot the contract. With the most perfect nonchalance he assured her he had not forgot the least article of her commands; that he had executed her commissions with the utmost exactness, and had brought her many civilities from Italy. Oriana, offended, expressed her displeasure and left the room.

Bizarre had been a close observer of all that passed, though her attention seemed to be exclusively fixed on a book, which she was poring over. This circumstance caught the notice of Duretete, and the gravity of her look and manner charmed him; he longed to speak to her, but he was afraid Mirabel would enter into conversation: he did so, but with a freedom of allusion to Duretete's admiration which overwhelmed the poor captain with confusion. Bizarre, as if unconscious of all that was passing, read aloud some axioms of Plato, to the delight of Duretete and the mirth of Mirabel; and when at length she condescended to notice them, appeared surprised; declared she did not know any person was present; looked very demure; and, making a profound obeisance, left the room with awful reserve and grandeur.

When Oriana and Mirabel next met, the subject of the engagement was again renewed, and she expressed her surprise that he should be so indifferent on a matter of such import to them both. Mirabel treated her with great levity, and with so much indifference, that she demanded her contract of marriage, and offered to relinquish his. Mirabel laughed, and told her he would neither marry her, nor return her contract; that she had wisely given up her freedom, and unless it was his pleasure, she should die an old maid. Oriana, provoked, exerted a degree of spirit which surprised Mirabel, and perceiving she was really angry, he bid her kiss and be friends; offering to relinquish her pretty little bit of parchment, as he termed it; which, to his still greater surprise, she now positively refused, telling him that as he had roused a woman's spleen, he should feel its effects.

Oriana's pride supported her in his presence; but when alone, she drooped and was wretched. Bizarre, who really loved her, grieved to see her thus unhappy, and determined the very first opportunity to rate him soundly: she did so, but though a high spirited girl, and one who could be an absolute vixen, if occasion required, yet she was no match for Mirabel; he laughed or turned into

ridicule every thing she said; and when absolutely inflamed into rage, he spoke with the most perfect composure of his last night's dreams, or of the colour of his new doublet; and at last, taking up a book, began most vehemently to spout Latin; she, raging at him the whole time. But it would have been just as available to bawl against thunder: he laughed at, applauded, and praised the strength of her lungs; and, when he had completely put her out of patience and out of breath, ran and left her.

There was something so whimsical, so good-humoured, and so witty in his manners and language, that Bizarre, though angry, was delighted, and could not be surprised at Oriana's infatuation. Poor Duretete, however, suffered for Mirabel's triumphs over her; for, though amused by his vivacity, her pride was a little mortified that he had overpowered her in her strongest weapon of defence, the tongue; and she resolved to revenge her defeat on the stupid Duretete, who was smitten by her gravity and profound learning. But he had already confessed to Mirabel (when she was concealed behind a screen,) that his designs were not of a matrimonial nature; and she now expected a visit from him, the purport of which, she understood, was to break his mind, and express his admiration. She laid her plans accordingly, and when she knew him to be hid behind the screen, in order to listen to her conversation with some of her young friends, made such a jest of books that he was astonished; then called in a fiddler, that they might have a dance, at the same time lamenting they had not a man amongst them. Duretete, terrified, was stealing away when Bizarre discovered and seized him; she and her young companions, as giddy and hairbrained as herself, dragged the poor captain about: tossed him from one to another, making him dance till he stumbled and fell. Bizarre then walked him up and down the room till he panted for breath; and to sum up his mortifications, insisted on his drinking a pint of wine, and giving various toasts, which she pointed out, though it was morning. When he begged to be excused, as drinking wine before dinner gave him a headache; she told him that was not of any consequence; it was better to have a headache than a heartache, and a slight fit of bile would be of much service to his general health: and when she had teased him to the uttermost, she assumed a grave deportment, put him to the blush by repeating his conversation with Mirabel, where he had declared that his intentions were not honourable, and finally ordered him to quit her presence; an order which he readily obeyed, running out of the house as eagerly as if he had just made his escape from a den of lions.

Mirabel, gay and happy, ran on a wild career of pleasure, while poor Oriana was sorrowful, and seldom went abroad. Her brother Dugard, highly incensed, would have demanded satisfaction from Mirabel, but Oriana on her knees besought him not to wound her reputation, by such a mistaken mode of defence; or destroy her peace of mind for ever, by hazarding the lives of the two beings upon earth who were most dear to her: assuring him, that she had the most sanguine hopes her lover would prove faith-

ful at last, and that she should be rewarded for all she now suffered. Old Mirabel attacked his son, but could gain nothing from him: for with his usual levity he assured his father, he would marry when the time came, but when that time would be, whether this century or the next, it was impossible for him to give any positive information. Old Mirabel lamented that he had made his son independent of his authority, by having settled a very handsome income upon him; but it was now too late to retract.

Oriana was wretched, her health declined, she formed the resolution of quitting Paris, and by the utmost exertion of mind to banish from her heart a man whose inconstancy made her lament her own weakness; hope was at an end, and she looked forward to time as the only solace of her grief: but this resolution was put to flight by an unexpected discovery. Mirabel had left the key in his writing desk, and the curious Bizarre through frolic examined his papers, when she found that he had during his travels kept a diary, where Oriana's name perpetually occurred: with sonnets and verses innumerable to her beauty and her truth. His love appeared manifest in every line; but he disliked the trammels of matrimony, and would wait to prove her ever-during constancy, before he sacrificed his freedom.

This discovery raised Oriana from the brink of despair, and she determined patiently to await the time when her lover should renounce his errors, and come an humble penitent to her feet: but alas! this appeared very distant, every day brought to her ears some new intrigues of Mirabel; and she feared his morals would become tainted by vitiated society, as well as his health and fortune injured, if not ruined, by his various excesses. Sincerely attached to him, and thinking him worthy of her regard, she stooped to stratagems in hopes to save him. Bizarre, Old Mirabel, and her brother Dugard, all willingly lent their assistance, and the lovely Oriana was suddenly transformed into a nun. The moment Mirabel heard the news, his heart smote him as having caused this sacrifice of youth and beauty to the gloom of a cloister; but too proud to own his uneasiness, he formed the design of learning the true state of her feelings under disguise: he therefore entered into a monastery, visited her as a friar to receive her confession, and prepare her mind to take the veil. She quickly discovered him through his disguise; he in despair at her resolution of quitting the world, declared himself, and on his knees owned his devoted attachment, entreating her to accept his hand.

At this important moment, when Oriana thought her cares at an end, old Mirabel burst upon them, loudly calling for the "Counterfeit Nun." The busy-headed, officious Duretete had heard of Mirabel's visit to the monastery, and ran with the news to his father, declaring that Mirabel was turned friar, and had settled his whole fortune on the fraternity. The silly old man in his alarm hastened to the convent, and by his own impetuosity marred the very scheme he had himself entered into so eagerly. Mirabel coughed at the words "Counterfeit Nun," and hastily threw off his disguise. Oriana vexed, reproached the old gentleman with his imprudence, telling him he had destroyed the hopes which were just ripening into perfection; when he immediately recanted, declaring "she was a nun." "Oh! is she so?" replied young Mirabel, putting on the habit, "then I am a friar directly." "Was ever an old fool so bantered by a pair of young ones?" returned the old gentleman, "even settle your affairs yourselves, I'll have no more to do with them;" so saying he left the convent. Mirabel played off his wit upon Oriana; congratulated her on her release from

captivity, and trusted when they next met it would be in happier times; rolled up their disguises in one heap; and said their cast skins might perhaps get better acquainted: and thus ended Oriana's first project.

She was disappointed, but not unhappy as heretofore: his warm declarations of love encouraged her to proceed, and she resolved to try again. He was at this time engaged in an intimacy with a woman of high rank, but a professed gambler; and one who seldom suffered a young man once in her power to escape with impunity. Oriana now assumed insanity, in the hope of drawing him from this disgraceful and probably fatal connexion. Mirabel was beset on every side by Bizarre's abuse, his father's reproaches, and the resentment of Dugard, who loudly demanded satisfaction for his sister's wrongs. Mirabel bore all with patience, bade Dugard put up his sword, for he would rather bear with insult than offer injury to the brother of his beloved Oriana; and assured him of his sorrow for her sufferings, and his readiness to atone for his former neglect. At sight of Oriana, pale, dejected, and trembling, her beautiful auburn locks streaming about her shoulders, and her eye wild and restless, his heart was struck with remorse: he addressed her with tenderness; she did not appear to know him; he knelt by her side, pressed her hand to his lips, and entreated her to behold his penitence, and bless him by returning recollection; she appeared affected by his kindness, waved them all to quit the room, and then fixing her eyes intently upon him, burst into tears.

Mirabel kissed the tears away, while his own agitation was extreme; he swore to devote his future life to her happiness, declaring that he would gladly bestow half his fortune on the man who should restore her to health. Oriana, delighted, thought herself now secure of her wavering lover, and ventured to disclose the cheat. Mirabel instantly sprung from his knees and broke out into a rhapsody, on the sudden restoration of Oriana's health, bade the spheres tune all their instruments of joy, for the mad woman was dispossessed; but now she was well, and they were free. "How, Sir," said Oriana, "free." "Free as air, my fair bedlamite, what would you have me marry a lunatic? Look, child, you have played it so well this bout, that you will be apt to counterfeit madness all your life long." He then called in their friends, bid them take the lunatic into their charge, that no mad doctor in Christendom could have performed a more effectual cure; but that he could not answer for a relapse, and begged them to place the poor unfortunate under especial care, lest any future danger might occur. The buoyancy of Mirabel's spirits struck them all dumb, and he quitted the field in triumph, leaving poor Oriana overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Mirabel really loved Oriana, but did not like these perpetual attacks upon his heart, and this seeming determination to abridge him of his pleasures, by hastening him into the trammels of matrimony. He thought Oriana should be content with knowing that he loved her, and await his time and pleasure for the performance of their nuptial vows; and wishing to be rid for a time at least of these tricks and stratagems to entrap him into bondage, proposed to Duretete to go back to Italy, who was rejoiced at the proposal; for Bizarre took every opportunity to torment and turn him into ridicule, and succeeded so effectually that the poor crest-fallen captain would have flown to the Antipodes to get rid of this she-tormentor. Their resolutions were taken, and poor Oriana heard of her lover's intentions with sorrow and almost dismay.

The evening previous to the one intended for their departure from Paris,

they went to the play, where Mirabel was caught by the beauty of a lady in one of the boxes. Duretete, who was always afraid of his getting into scrapes, tried to persuade him to return home immediately, and leave the lady to herself: but Mirabel was not easily prevailed upon to give up the chase when he had started the game, making sure of success from an infallible guide, which was, that he seldom ever did fail; he therefore earnestly entreated Duretete to give him but three days, to devote to this lovely incognita, and then he was his to the world's end. While they were disputing the point, an interesting youth brought to Mirabel a letter from a friend, recommending the bearer as a page to attend him on his travels; he had scarcely read the letter, and told the youth that he would accept his services, when Lamorce, the fair incognita, who had bewildered his imagination, came from the theatre; she was in great distress, her carriage and servants were nowhere to be found, and Mirabel, enraptured, made her an offer of his. Duretete, who did not much admire this lady, rudely interfered, and offered to procure her a hackney coach; but Mirabel again and again urging his services, they were with great delicacy and reluctance accepted, and he led her off in triumph.

Oriana, the mock page, was alarmed at this encounter; and urged by jealousy, sprang behind the carriage, resolving to know the issue. They drove a considerable distance, and alighted at a very handsome house in the outskirts of the town. Mirabel to his unspeakable joy was invited to supper, at the same time the lady requested he would send his servants away, as an equipage standing at her door late at night might be injurious to her reputation. With this request he most readily complied, only stipulating that his page should remain, as he was a stranger from the country, and, not knowing his way about the town, might probably fall into some danger; the lady agreed to this, and all the rest of his servants were dismissed.

Mirabel was in raptures at his success with the beautiful incognita, she admired a splendid ring upon his finger: his gallantry was put to the test, but it was rather too valuable (being worth seven hundred pounds) to be lightly given away. His happiness was of short duration; for Lamorce leaving him in a few minutes returned with four fellows, whose appearance too plainly bespoke their trade of robbery and murder. He was struck with horror; but soon recovering his presence of mind, assumed the utmost gaiety, and, by not showing any suspicion or alarm, hoped he might hit upon some lucky expedient to save his life; yet what that expedient could be he was at a loss to judge. They all took their seats at a table, Lamorce at the head, and began to drink wine. One of the bravoos, handing Mirabel a glass, inquired how he liked it, and hoped it pleased his palate. "Very good" replied he, tasting and retasting; "very good; yes, pretty good: but I have some most excellent wine in my cellar; if you will allow me, madam, to send for a few flasks, you will say it far exceeds this."

The bravoos, desirous of getting all they could, agreed to have the wine, and the page was called up to receive directions. Oriana was horror-struck at the sight of these men, but concealed her terror under the mask of simplicity: they invited her to take wine; and she accepted the invitation, as it gave her a better opportunity of examining the countenances of all present. After she had drank, Mirabel gave the directions: "Here, boy, take this key, go to my butler and order him to send me half a dozen flasks of the red Burgundy marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste. I long to entertain my good friends here." "Where did you get this pretty boy,

Sir?" inquired Lamorce. "Out of Picardy, madam; this is his first errand; and if he does it well I'll encourage him." Mirabel, as he spoke, cast a look of meaning upon the boy; who, bowing, said: "The red Burgundy, Sir?" "The red Burgundy marked a thousand, and be sure you make haste." As he gave the key he glanced another look of deep meaning, and then turning to his companions, assumed his accustomed gaiety.

Soon after supper was announced; Mirabel handed the lady to the table, and at her request took his seat at her right hand; he eat, drank, laughed, talked, and whiled the time away, yet still the page with the wine did not arrive, and the bravoos began to be impatient. Mirabel assured them it would come ere long, and offered to sing a song: this prolonged the period of delay; but the men began to grow restless; and Lamorce, leaving the table, begged Mirabel to return to the drawing room, and she would soon be with him. He obeyed her, and was immediately followed by the four bravoos, who, throwing off all restraint, declared their mode of life: telling him that had the wine come, they would have trifled a little more time away; but as his stupid booby had most likely lost himself, they should wait no longer, but proceed to business; and each drawing his huge sword, asked him jocosely whose weapon he preferred, as they had all done tolerable execution.

Mirabel was brave; but his single arm, opposed against four sturdy ruffians, scarcely afforded a shadow of hope; yet he resolved to sell his life dearly, and therefore wrested a sword from the hands of one of them (for his own sword, with his ring, watch, and purse, had been already taken from him,) thus holding them at bay for some minutes. But in the very instant that he was in danger of being overpowered, a loud knocking at the street door arrested their attention; "the wine! gentlemen, the wine!" exclaimed Mirabel, "let us drink and be friends." The ruffians sheathed their swords, as the page entered the room. Mirabel's heart died within him, at sight of the boy alone.

"The wine, child? where is the wine?" said he, faintly. "It is here, Sir," replied the page, opening the door, when ten armed soldiers rushed into the room, and presented their muskets, followed by Duretete, Old Mirabel, Dugard, and Bizarre. Lamorce, alarmed by the loud knocking, came to inquire the cause, and was immediately seized by Duretete. "Ha! ah!" said he, triumphantly, "I'll take care of you, madam. Good Lord! what a blessing to think that I shall be revenged on one woman at least before I die." They were committed to the custody of the soldiers, while Mirabel fell on the neck of his preserver, and burst into tears. "Oh! my charming boy, how shall I repay your kindness? how evince my gratitude? name what reward you will, I pledge myself to perform what you require." The page took off his cap, the blushing cheeks and flowing auburn locks declared the truth; it was Oriana, the faithful Oriana! He caught her to his heart, expressed his gratitude, and entreated her, if she could forgive all his previous follies, to accept his hand, and permit him by a life of devotion to prove the sincerity of his vows. In a few days after this happy period they were united. Mirabel, fully awakened to a sense of his former weakness and impropriety of conduct, called all the better qualities of his disposition into full display; and the flimsy, rakish, whimsical, inconstant lover, proved a faithful, affectionate, and tender husband.

He loved, nor longer blush'd to own that love;
Nor felt ashamed to bow before the shrine
Of female excellence; surpassing all
The vapourish joys of inconsistency.
Domestic virtue was his idol now;
The name of faithful wife increased his pride;
And all his future life was harmony.
With lightness or frivolity unmix'd!

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who lose and who win; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE

D'Apchon, Archbishop of Avignon.—This excellent prelate, soon after his installation, being informed that two ladies had been suddenly reduced from affluence to a state of humble retirement, without relinquishing any of those virtues which had diffused a lustre over their better days, honoured them with his first visit, and expressed, in the most handsome and delicate terms, at once his high regard for their character, and the sympathy with which he desired to participate their misfortunes. In the course of conversation, he cast his eye, as if by accident, on a picture of no intrinsic value, but for which he said he would willingly give 2000 crowns. The ladies, overjoyed to find in their humble retreat any object which could interest their august visitor, assured him that they would esteem themselves singularly happy if he would accept of it as a present. By no means, replied d'Apchon, I shall be too fortunate to procure it at any price. In fact, no sooner had he returned home than he sent a polite note and 2000 crowns as the price of the picture. The frigid amateur may smile, and reserve his crowns for pieces of acknowledged merit; but surely the good archbishop of Auch might gaze upon a sorry painting, the memorial of his beneficence, with more exquisite feelings of satisfaction than the pencil of a Reubens or a Titian ever inspired.

Courage is so nearly allied to generosity, that it is seldom found to exist without it. During the night, a fire broke out in a house inhabited by several poor families. With great difficulty all made their escape, except two little boys in the upper story. The archbishop offered a reward, first of 100 louis d'ors, and then of 200, to the person who should bring them down alive. But the danger appeared too imminent to all the by-standers, who remained mute. God forbid, exclaimed the prelate, that we should stand still and see two unfortunate victims perish in the flames. I will mount myself. Having instantly caused two ladders to be joined by ropes, he climbed, with undaunted resolution, rushed through smoke and flames, and bearing one boy on his shoulders and the other in his arms, descended amid the acclamations of the yet trembling spectators.

No Medicine for Love.—A certain lady waited on a physician in great trouble about her daughter. "What ails her?" said the doctor. "Alas, doctor! I cannot tell; but she has lost her humour, her looks, her stomach; her strength consumes every day, so as we fear she cannot live." "Why do you not marry her?" "Alas, doctor! that we would fain do, and have offered her as good a match as she could ever expect; but she will not hear of marrying." "Is there no other, do you think, that she would be content to marry?" "Ah, doctor! that is it what troubles us; for there is a young gentleman we doubt not she loves that her father and I can never consent to." "Why, look you, madam," replies the doctor gravely, (being among all his books in his closet,) "then the case is this; your daughter would marry one man, and you would have her marry another; in all my books I find no remedy for such a disease as this!"

Arnold de Winkelried.—The Swiss will always honour the memory of Arnold de Winkelried, a gentleman of Undervald. In 1396, this virtuous citizen seeing, at the battle of Sempach, that his country-

men could not attack the Austrians, because the latter, being completely armed, and dismounting to form a close battalion, presented a front covered with iron, and barricaded with lances and pikes, conceived the generous design of sacrificing himself for his country. "Friends," said he to the Swiss, who began to be dismayed, "I am going to lay down my life to procure you victory: all I have to recommend to you is to provide for my family; follow me, and imitate my example." With these words he arranged them in the form of a triangle, of which he himself occupied the point, and in this manner marched towards the enemy. When close up to them, he seized as many of the pikes as he could lay hold of, and then falling on the ground, opened to those who followed him a way for piercing into this thick battalion. The Austrians, once broken, were defeated, the weight of their arms becoming fatal to them.

An extraordinary Cure.—An Irish surgeon, who had couched a cataract, and restored the sight of a poor woman, in Dublin, observed in her case what he deemed a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them, that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored, that she could see to thread the smallest needle; or to perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision; but that when he presented her with the book, "she was not capable of distinguishing one letter from another." This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered; but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker from every explanation; when, at length, by a question put by the servant who attended, it was discovered that the woman had never learned to read.

The fate of the Dandies.—In the reign of Elizabeth, some beaux introduced long swords and high ruffs, which so approached the royal standard in such articles, when her majesty appointed officers to break every man's sword, and clip all ruffs which were beyond a certain length. The utmost consternation followed, but the queen was inexorable, and the beaux defeated.

The dandies, in the reign of Charles the First, wore what were called *love-locks*, at the left side of the head, which so incensed Mr. Prynne, that he wrote a quarto book against them, and after a protracted struggle, attended with various success, the dandies, in the reign of Charles II. compromised the love-locks for a slender pair of whiskers.

Cowley, in his discourse "*Of Greatness*," censures some enormities in the dress of the female dandies of his time, in the following manner:—"Is any thing more common than to see our ladies of quality wear such high shoes as they cannot walk in without one to lead them; and a gown as long again as their body, so that they cannot stir to the next room without a page to hold it up?" What a marvellous contrast, does not the gown of one of our present ladies of quality present to that which drew down the animadversion of the poet, and which was put out of fashion by the dandies of the day, who entered ball-rooms in long boots and spurs.

Soon after the restoration, the perriwig was introduced from France to England, and worn among the dandies, to the great consternation of the judges, divines, and physicians of that day, who understood the magic of the wig, and were wont to give it all the advantage of length as well as size. Many preachers inveighed against the perriwig from the pulpit, and Mr. Wood states that Nathaniel Vincent,

D. D. chaplain in ordinary to the king, preached before him at Newmarket in a perriwig, according to the then fashion, and that his majesty was so offended at it that he commanded the duke of Monmouth, chancellor to the University of Cambridge, to see the statues concerning decency of apparel put in execution, which was done accordingly. It seemed the king cared little to enforce a strict observance of form in the dress of the female dandies; for, just about the same time that the Cambridge statues were enforcing decency of apparel among the male dandies, poor Richard Baxter was engaged in publishing a book, entitled "*A Just and Seasonable Reprehension of Naked Breasts and Shoulders*."

Curran.—In speaking of a learned Sergeant, who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point at law, Curran observed, "That whenever that grave counsel endeavoured to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool, whom he once saw struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling-pin!"

MEN OF STRAW.—A modern traveller in Italy relates the following whimsical account of a *ruse de guerre* practised by a highway robber:—"My companions in the diligences were all on the *qui vive*; for the carriage had been stopped and robbed two evenings before, by a single footpad. This fellow had practised a most ingenious and daring stratagem to effect his purpose. He manufactured ten figures of straw, who, in the duskiness of night, appeared armed with fusils and sabres; he drew them up in the road in battle array; and, having taken his post a little in advance of his corps, he ordered the diligence to stop; threatening if the least resistance was offered, to call up his companions, and put all the passengers to death. In this manner he laid the whole party under contribution, amongst whom were two Spanish merchants with their servants, whose purses were heavily laden, and who were armed."

A Singular Decree.—Aulus Gellius, in his "*Attic Nights*, Book XII. chap. 7. borrows the following story from Valerius Maximus, Book viii. chap. 14. A lady of Smyrna enraged at her husband and son, for having put to death a son of hers by a former marriage, a youth of great promise, poisoned both the murderers. The lady was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause as well as she could. C. Dolabella, who was then proconsul in Asia, and before whom the cause was brought, unwilling to acquit a woman of two crimes which she had fully confessed, and at the same time loath to condemn a mother who avenged the murder of her son, transferred the decision to the great court at Areopagus. The judges sympathising with the embarrassment of Dolabella, decreed, "That the prosecutor and culprit should appear at the end of one hundred years, and then judgment should be passed on the criminal."

Narrow escape of a Swiss Soldier.—At the dreadful epoch of the affair of Nanci, during the French Revolution, twenty-two soldiers of the regiment of Chateau Vieux were condemned to condign punishment. As the fatal procession was passing through a narrow street, one of the soldiers condemned contrived, amidst the press, to slip unobserved into a passage, the door of which was open. It was the house of his mistress. Conceive her transport to find her lover in her arms, at the moment she was bewailing his death. One victim at the place of execution was found wanting. Search was every where made for the fugitive, but in vain. It was renewed with all the keenness and sagacity of blood-hounds: but the destined object of vengeance eluded the utmost pene-

tration and diligence of his pursuers. He was all this time confined in a corn loft, where he had been secreted by his mistress, and where she found means to nourish him for three months, unknown to her parents. A rich farmer of Basle, who had heard nothing of his son since the carnage of Nanci, and the horrible execution of the Swiss, could no longer resist his uneasiness, and the anxiety he felt to be certain of his fate. For this purpose he undertook a journey to Nanci; but though his concern excited pity, and his inquiries interested all to whom they were addressed, there were none who could afford him the desired intelligence. At last he learned with transport that his son had escaped the fate of his companions, and was directed by a soldier to the house of his mistress, as a place where it was probable he might get further information. He repaired immediately to the house, but the girl pretended entire ignorance, and notwithstanding the particulars of his family which he mentioned in their conversation, she preserved the most cautious silence. She promised, however, to make inquiry, and desired him to return in an hour. The soldier immediately recognised his father in the stranger, from the description given by his Antoinette. The farmer returned to a minute, and son and father flew into each other's arms with all the ardour which such a meeting might be supposed to produce. As soon as the first transports were over, the father joined the hands of the young couple, pronouncing over them a paternal benediction: "You have preserved his life," said he to her; "the only recompense I can offer you, is himself."

Neapolitan Anecdote.—At Naples, there was a very particular man of honour, whose name was Bandoli; he was the greatest bravo of his time, and it was said, that he had with his own hand dispatched upwards of eighty persons by assassination, for that was the profession he got his bread by. He made use occasionally of pistol, sword, poniard, and stiletto, but he scorned to poison any one he was hired to make away with, alleging that there was something unmanly in it. That it was not an action any person of honour would be guilty of, and that it was as much beneath a bravo to turn poisoner, as it would be for a regular-bred physician to commence quack doctor.

Two Neapolitan gentlemen quarrelled one evening at an assembly, and according to the honourable custom of the times, each sent separately for Bandoli, and gave him fifty pistoles a piece to make quick work with each other. The last man he dispatched as soon as he had paid him, and then returned to the first person, who, on hearing Bandoli relate how he had slaughtered his adversary, commended the bravo greatly for his dexterity in his business. "Yes, Sir," replied Bandoli, "every one who employs me shall always find me punctual, for I am a man of honour, Sir; and to convince you that I would not forfeit it, the gentleman whom I have just sent home, by your own order, gave me fifty pistoles to make an end of you; now I, although he is dead, and cannot call me to an account for not doing what he employed me in, yet, I am so much a man of honour, that I scorn to be guilty of a breach of promise to any gentleman." He then thrust his stiletto deep into the other's breast.

"The man that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

The above lines have been unaccountably ascribed to the author of Hudibras. They were written by Sir John Mennes, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second, and who took the idea from a Greek saying to the same effect.

THE TRAVELLER.

"To pass, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

THE
NORWEGIANS AND LAPLANDERS.
No. II.

At length Captain B. arrived at Overgaard, where it became necessary to abandon his previous method of journeying in a carriage, often found to be sufficiently dangerous, and adopt the mode of coasting along the shores and isles of these northern parts in a boat impelled by six stout rowers. Thus new scenes and new enjoyments were produced for his gratification, and he paints them with the warmth of a man who could taste all the delights which "Nature to her votary yields." Nothing, says he, can be more surprising and beautiful than the singular clearness of the water of the northern seas. As we passed slowly over the surface, the bottom, which here was in general a white sand, was clearly visible, with its minutest objects, where the depth was from twenty to twenty-five fathoms. During the whole course of the tour I made, nothing appeared to me so extraordinary as the inmost recesses of the deep thus unveiled to the eye. The surface of the ocean was unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the gentle splashing of the oars scarcely disturbed it. Hanging over the gunwale of the boat, with wonder and delight, I gazed on the slowly moving scene below. Where the bottom was sandy, the different kinds of asterias, echini, and even the smallest shells, appeared at that great depth conspicuous to the eye; and the water seemed in some measure to have the effect of a magnifier, by enlarging the objects like a telescope, and bringing them seemingly nearer. Now creeping along, we saw, far beneath, the rugged sides of a mountain rising towards our boat, the base of which, perhaps, was hidden some miles in the great deep below. Though moving on a level surface, it seemed almost as if we were ascending the height under us; and when we passed over its summit, which rose in appearance to within a few feet of our boat, and came again to the descent, which on this side was suddenly perpendicular, and overlooking a water gulf, as we pushed gently over the last point of it, it seemed almost as if we had thrown ourselves down this precipice; the illusion, from the crystal clearness of the deep, actually producing a sudden start. Now we came again to a plain; and passed slowly over the submarine forest and meadows, which appeared in the expanse below; inhabited, doubtless, by thousands of animals, to which they afford both food and shelter, animals unknown to man; and I could sometimes observe large fishes of singular shape, gliding softly through the watery thickets. As we proceeded, the bottom became no longer visible; its fairy scenes gradually faded to the view, and were lost in the dark green depths of the ocean.

Mr. Lenning, my landlord, having received intelligence, that the Laplanders, with their rein-deer, had approached within the distance of about a mile from Fugleness, and that they would remain for a few days in that part of the mountains, I was anxious to avail myself of this opportunity of seeing them. Accompanied by Madame Lenning and her husband, after half an hour's walk, we found the tent; and its owner, Per Mathison Sabra, sitting at the entrance cutting a birch twig. Though well acquainted with Mr. Lenning, who spoke his language perfectly, he received us with the most perfect indifference, showing no disposition to welcome us, or

betraying any emotion whatever. Inside the tent, into which we crept, we found his wife busy in preparing the utensils for milking the deer, and making the cheese. As the herd was some miles distant in the mountains, and would consequently take a considerable time in returning to the evening fold, I occupied myself with inspecting the whole of a Laplander's household economy, which was extremely curious.

Per Mathison had pitched his tent at the extremity of a valley between the mountains, which sloped gradually down to the sea shore, at Fugleness, and whence a fine view was obtained of that part of the ocean enclosed by the surrounding islands. Marit Martins Datter, the name of Per Mathison's wife, meaning literally Marit the daughter of Martin, was short in stature, not exceeding in height four feet nine inches, and of a brown complexion, which seemed more the result of habitual dirt, living constantly surrounded by smoke, and exposure to the weather at all seasons of the year, than of nature, as the colour of her eyes and hair did not denote a natural darkness of the skin. She had on her summer dress of a dirty, white, walmal cloth, girt round by a belt, to which was suspended a small knife. She had laid aside every part of her winter dress, and her komagers, or shoes, were of strong leather, forming a peak at the toes. On her head she wore a high cap, made partly of cloth, and in part of bits of coloured calico. This cap is peculiar to Norwegian Lapland, and is rather elegant in its shape.—Though wild and uncouth, yet her manners did not betray any of the surliness so conspicuous in her husband. The latter was dressed in rein-deer fawn skins, which being thin and pliable, and made to sit loose, were not so likely to incommode the wearer from their too great warmth. His family consisted of a wife and child; and a Laplander, who, being poor, and having no deer of his own, acted in the capacity of a servant, and had the principal care of the herd, attending them by night as well as day. He was then absent, driving them to the tent to be milked. With him were another Laplander and his wife, who also lived in the tent with the former. This man seemed to be a kind of partner of Per Mathison. Their deer were mixed in common together, though the superior number belonging to the latter evidently constituted him the head of the family; which it was easy to perceive from his idleness and inactivity, mixed with a kind of a gruff independence, that bespoke a lord of the mountains. He had been in the habit, for the last two summers, of repairing with his herd of deer to the mountains of Whale Island, from the neighbouring country of Koutokeins, a distance of more than 200 miles in the interior of Norwegian Lapland. Here he remained between two and three months; and, before the approach of winter, again returned to his native forests. The whole number of deer on the island was about 4000, which in like manner were only visitants during the summer.

THE DRAMA.

"Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph here for a still attend. BACCHUS.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

COOPER AND CONWAY.

We continue our remarks on these gentlemen in other characters: and first of their *Othello* and *Iago*. The greatest and most difficult character in this play is *Iago*. He is the great mover of all the rest, and the author of the catastrophe. *Othello*, the noble and unsuspecting soldier, is the wax which is moulded by the deep villain to suit his own purposes.

He is the unconscious servant of *Iago*, although the apparent master, and the fetters are gradually drawn closer and closer around him, without his feeling their weight or hearing their clank: *Iago* is Shakspeare's masterpiece of villainy; fair in seeming—an outward paragon of honesty, he is the serpent that wreathes its deadly coil around the heart—the wily traitor that empoids the goblet, and inwardly exults when he sees it raised to the lips of his victim. Throughout, he is the unchanging villain,

"—Whose false tears distil
An essence which bath strength to kill."

He pursues his object with a steady and unrelenting pertinacity, and hunts his prey with the silent but sure chase of the mute blood-hound. He never exhibits one trait of humanity; he never casts one solitary glance of pity on the ruin he causes; but watches the entanglement of his victim with a fiendlike satisfaction in his eye, and draws the toil more tightly with a slow and cautious hand. The only passions he excites are fear and anger; the only emotion, abhorrence. Lord Byron's lines fit him admirably:—

"There was a lurking devil in his sneer
That raised emotions both of rage and fear:
And when his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell."

This character is not at all suited to Cooper or his style of acting; his face is fitted for the expression of the grand, the majestic, and the magnanimous attributes of the heart, and not for the sly, cunning, artful, and designing look of the hypocrite, and the traitor. The mask of villainy, which he attempted to wear in *Iago*, was like a thin veil which does not hide but only softens the features beneath it. In his interviews with *Othello*, he appeared more like the sincere friend, than the traitor, and in uttering that beautiful passage

"Who steals my purse, steals trash—
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

His aspect and voice bore the strong mark of sincerity instead of guile. It may be said that this apparent candour is the perfection of hypocrisy—so it is in reality, and so it should appear to *Othello*; but the features of the actor when turned aside, ought to exhibit then the wily machination of deceit. This, Mr. Cooper's face did not, and we think his *Iago* generally a failure.

Othello, the gallant and princely Moor, was well personified by Conway's majestic form, and his peculiar traits well conceived. Mr. Conway embodies passion in the most powerful manner, and cannot but convince the most prejudiced, of his intimate acquaintance with nature. The voice has two distinct keys for the utterance of passion; one, loud, rapid, and boisterous, as the shouting of the storm; the other, low, subdued, and deep as the far-off roll of the rising thunder-cloud. There is sublimity in both, but the latter has by far the greatest portion. The one startles, stirs, and agitates the hearer; excites tumult in his thoughts, and quickens his pulse; the other fixes his feelings in cold and unearthly stillness, checks the course of his blood, and sends it back in fearfulness to his heart. The great art of the tragedian is to distinguish between these, and to use them appropriately. This peculiarized (we take the liberty to coin a word,) Mr. Conway's *Othello*. When *Iago* succeeds in impressing him with a firm belief of Desdemona's treachery, he exclaims—

"I'll tear her all to pieces!"

Now a common actor of common discernment would tear his lungs "to pieces" in uttering this, and crack the tympanum of every ear within hailing distance. Not so did Conway: he gave these words in that hollow subdued tone which seems to be striving with passion for utterance, and succeeding with the greatest difficulty.

A great excellence in this gentleman is the correctness of his reading. There

is much elegance in his emphasis, and much classical propriety in his pronunciation. This he displays very strikingly in his reading of *Othello*.—We might adduce many instances in proof, were it necessary; but it is not.

Mr. Conway's "Edgar" was a splendid performance, and excited both admiration and surprise in every one that we heard speak of it. We never deemed that the character could be rendered so interesting. Poor Tom battled the "foul fiend" in a masterly manner, and wore his tatters with much grace. A friend of ours observed to us that Conway not only acted well the part of Edgar himself, but that he made Edgar a good actor also. While on this theme, we must say that the writers of the present day who cater for the stage, are not marvellously scrupulous about altering Shakspeare. In the tragedy of *Lear*, they make Edgar the lover of Cordelia, instead of leaving her the wife of Fiance; they make Edgar known to his brother before the duel, instead of after; they save the lives of Cordelia and Lear, instead of killing them as the old deer-stealer of Avon did. But, perhaps, it is better thus; for the termination of *Lear* is too tragical for representation.

Lothario is one of Cooper's best characters, and was sustained in his best manner; and his *Charles Surface*, gay, thoughtless, extravagant, yet generous and noble-minded, could not be surpassed. The picture scene was excellent: he sold off his ancestors, the old General, the Mayor and the Aldermen, the aunt and the grand aunt, with an air of exquisite nonchalance, and refused to part with "Uncle Noll's" likeness with true-hearted, although careless sensibility. We ought not in speaking of the "School for Scandal," to omit mentioning Hilson's excellent "Sir Peter Teazle," and Watkinson, that lineal descendant of Momus, in "Crabtree." Nor should we do justice were we to pass over the life, animation, and sportiveness of Miss Johnson, in my *Lady Teazle*.—It is a part exactly in the line of her talents, and we never before saw her do so well; although she has always done well in comedy.

Of Mr. Conway's *Joseph Surface* and *Faulconbridge*, we have only time to say, that in both, he was Conway, and that in "King John," Cooper was "every inch a King."

J. G. B.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

SKETCH OF LAURENCE EARNSHAW.

Laurence Earnshaw was put apprentice, when a boy, to a tailor, and afterwards to a clothier; but neither of these employments suiting his genius, after serving both for eleven years, he put himself a short time to a clock maker, one Shepley, of Stockport, England. By the force of native abilities, with the very little instruction such an education could give him, he made himself one of the most universal mechanists and artists ever heard of. He could have taken wool from the sheep's backs, manufactured it into cloth, made that cloth into clothes, and made every instrument necessary for the clipping, carding, spinning, reeling, weaving, fulling, dressing, and making it up for wear, with his own hands. He was an engraver, painter, and gilder; he could stain glass and foil mirrors; was a blacksmith, whitesmith, coppersmith, gunsmith, bellfounder, and coffinmaker; made and erected sun dials, mended fiddles; repaired, tuned, played upon, and taught, the harpsichord and virginals; made and mended organs, and optical instruments; read and understood Euclid; and in short, had a taste for all sorts of mechanics, and most of the fine arts. Clock-making and repairing was a favourite employ with him; and he carried so far his theory and

practice of clock-work, as to be the inventor of a very curious astronomical and geographical machine, containing a celestial and terrestrial globe, to which different movements were given, representing the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, the position of the moon and stars, the sun's place in the ecliptic, &c. all with the greatest correctness. One of these machines, curiously ornamented, was sold to the Earl of Bute for £150 sterling. All the complicated calculations, as well as the execution of this great work, were performed by himself. He likewise, about 1753 invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbours, and then destroyed it, through the generous, though mistaken notion, that it might take bread from the mouths of the poor. This was previous to all the late inventions of machinery by which the cotton manufactory has been much promoted. He also contrived a simple and ingenious piece of mechanism for raising water from a coal mine. He was acquainted with that equally self-taught genius, the celebrated Brindley, and when they occasionally met they did not soon part. Earnshaw was possessed of a most extraordinary degree of sobriety, never drinking a gill of ale for years after he was grown to manhood. His mien and countenance were far, at the first view, from betokening quick parts, but rather announced stupidity; but when animated by conversation, they at once brightened up. He had a good flow of words, and clearly explained his subject in the provincial phrase and dialect of his country. He had a sick wife and expensive family, so that notwithstanding all his ingenuity and trades, he lived and died poor. He died about the year 1764.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

On Acupuncture; by JAMES MORRIS CHURCHILL, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

When I published my little treatise on acupuncture, I expected to be questioned about it by individuals, who were too polite to tell me that I had asserted what was not true; at the same time that their countenances clearly indicated the incredulity with which they viewed it. Still I persisted; and the value of the remedy has been most satisfactorily ascertained and confirmed in the practice of several individuals, who are willing that nothing shall be left untried which appears likely to relieve that painful disease for which it is more particularly recommended. I say "for which it is more particularly recommended," because many valuable remedies are lost sight of, from being unjudiciously employed by those who are too fond of analogical deductions. Its success has now been so conspicuous, that I can assume an air of triumph, and dare any one to express his belief in what I have asserted respecting it. I am continually hearing of successful cases from respectable members of the Profession; and expect soon to lay a body of evidence before the public, which shall dissipate the most obstinate scepticism. In the meantime, from my own practice, I select the subjoined cases for the perusal of your readers, that they may be induced to practise an operation that is so simple, so painless, and so convincingly efficacious; and it will afford me much satisfaction to receive succinct accounts of its effects from any gentleman who may feel inclined to employ it.

George Jackson, a labouring gardener, about fifty years of age, became the subject of rheumatism three or four years ago, in consequence of exposure to wet and cold. The neck, shoulders, back, and hips, were occasionally the seat of the disease. Guaiacum and opium were usually had recourse to upon an attack taking place, and generally with decisive

benefit. At the beginning of the year, however, his disease lost its erratic character, and fixed itself upon the deltoid and the greater pectoral muscles of the left side. The remedies accustomed to relieve him now failed of their former beneficial effect; and though cupping and blistering, with external irritants, were conjoined, the disease remained unsubdued. I conceived that this was a fair case for acupuncture, and, accordingly, performed the operation in the following manner:—A needle was introduced about midway between the point of the shoulder and the insertion of the deltoid muscle, which pierced through the belly of this muscle until its whole length (one inch) had passed. The patient became sensible of relief before the needle had reached more than two-thirds its whole depth, and when it had completed its greatest depth, he observed that the pain of this part had entirely left him: it was allowed to remain five minutes, when, at his request, I withdrew it, and introduced it at the side of the chest, about three inches below the clavicle, intending to pierce the fibres of the pectoralis major. The pain of this part, which had now been much affected by the first operation, ceased as soon as the needle had rested two or three minutes, and after it had remained five I withdrew it, leaving the patient entirely free from pain. Previously to the operation, he had been incapable of lifting the left arm, and had been obliged to feed himself with the right hand alone, from the inability of carrying his left to his mouth. He now reached his hat from a peg where it hung at the height of his arm's length, and replaced it on his head, without experiencing the least stiffness or uneasiness in the arm or shoulder; and though, upon his resuming his occupation, he found his efforts impeded by a sensation of debility in the parts about the shoulder, yet it was neither sufficient to interrupt his daily exertions, nor to lead him to seek for any further medical assistance; and in a week or two he felt no remains of the disease.

William Webb, aged 48, applied to me for assistance for a violent pain in the lumbar region, with which he awoke at four o'clock in the morning. It extended to the intercostal muscles on both sides, and was so intense that he had been in a continued state of profuse sweat. Flexion of the body and coughing much aggravated his suffering, but his general health, which is never good, was not rendered worse. In the presence of Mr. Fernie, jun. of Kimbolton, I introduced a needle on each side of the spine, when he instantaneously complained of the pain shifting to the upper part of the sacrum. Having invariably found this to be a favourable occurrence, I was encouraged to introduce a needle into each of these parts; and on removing them at the end of five minutes, my patient was enabled to put the body into many different positions, without feeling any pain in the back; and the only inconvenience he experienced in the intercostal muscles, was a sense of constriction when he attempted violently to bend the body. I prescribed four grains of Dover's powder to be taken every four hours, and desired to see him the next morning; when he stated that he had remained free from suffering for several hours, but then had a slight pain situated about three inches above the sacrum. On using a needle to this part, he suddenly started, and stated that the pain had flown to the intercostal muscles of the tenth and eleventh ribs, (to use his own words) "as if a person, from the inside, had bobbed his finger against the part." I now withdrew the needle, and inserted it there, which effected perfect relief, as he has continued well ever since.

On the Ignition of Platina by Hydrogen Gas. By Mr. A. Garden.

From the Annals of Philosophy.

The very curious phenomenon, recently observed by Döbereiner, that a

jet of hydrogen gas when brought into contact with metallic platina at common temperature, produces a temperature equal to that of ignition, has already been noticed by other chemists; namely, by Messrs. Dulong and Thenard, in France; and by Faraday and Herapath, in England: but these philosophers do not mention that any other than substances actually in the metallic state are capable of exhibiting a similar appearance. After repeating several of the experiments already published, I was induced to submit a number of other bodies to the action of the hydrogen jet. Some I found to have their temperature slightly increased, and the greater number not at all: but the most remarkable increase which I have observed has been with the ore of iridium; this substance, when previously heated to redness and suffered to cool, becomes red-hot by a stream of cold hydrogen, in the manner of spongy platina, and appears to retain the property of so doing equally well. The circumstance of these bodies becoming heated to incandescence in our atmosphere at medium temperature, naturally suggests the idea of employing them for the instantaneous production of fire and light; but, in order that this may be done with tolerable certainty, so as to be really useful, it becomes necessary that the effect shall take place at pretty low temperatures. To ascertain this point I made the following experiment:—

A quart bottle filled with hydrogen gas was placed in an earthen-ware wine-cooler, and the space between the sides of the bottle and of the cooler was filled with ice, broken into small fragments; a small piece of spongy platina was exposed upon a slip of foil of the same metal, and laid upon the surface of the ice. In this state the whole was left in an apartment at 52° for about three quarters of an hour; at the end of this time the temperature of the platina foil was found to be 35°, which, with the spongy metal, was covered with a considerable film of moisture. A jet of gas was now made to pass from the bottle through a capillary tube upon the spongy platina; the moisture immediately began to evaporate, and the metal quickly became heated to whiteness, kindling the hydrogen as it issued from the orifice of the tube.

From the result of this experiment (which was made, not so much with a view to determine the minimum temperature at which the effect could be produced, as to see whether it would take place at the usual degrees of atmospheric temperature in this climate,) it has appeared that a very ready and elegant mode of obtaining light may be obtained. I have constructed several lamps for the purpose upon a very simple principle, and from the certainty which I have hitherto observed, I have reason to believe that they will answer most completely.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR LOCK.

A late number of the London Mechanic's Magazine exhibits a drawing of a lock, invented by a Mr. Chubb, which is said to have baffled all attempts hitherto made to open it by false keys or other instruments. The merits of this lock, as stated by the ingenious inventor, are, that it possesses, in a much higher degree than any other, the four principal requisites of a good lock; viz. security, simplicity, strength, and durability. Its security is increased beyond calculation, by an improvement which not only renders it impossible to be picked or opened by any false instruments, but also detects the first attempt to open it; thereby preventing those repeated efforts, to which even the best locks hitherto invented are exposed. The instant that one or more of the tumbler are lifted beyond the place where the bolt is at liberty to pass, it

overlifts the detector, which then hooks the tail of the bolt, prevents it from passing, and thus gives incalculable additional security (as well as immediate notice, the first time the true key is put into it to open it, that an attempt has been made to pick it,) and renders all farther attempts useless, it being impossible to disengage the detector, or the second, in order to remove the bolt. Nothing, in short, but the true key can either release the detector from its grasp on the bolt, or open the lock.

The simplicity of its construction, and strength of its parts, are such, that no false key or other instrument, introduced into it, for the purpose of opening it, can (with very great violence) injure it. The keys are small and portable, particularly those for iron doors.

With respect to its durability, it is not liable to be injured by constant use in any length of time; this has been ascertained by an iron-rim lock having been attached to a steam-engine in the dock yard, Portsmouth (to try the effect of friction,) by which it was locked and unlocked upwards of four hundred and sixty thousand times, without receiving the least injury.

Mr. Chubb having, by order of the honourable Navy Board, lately supplied a considerable number of his Patent Detector Locks for the use of the Portsmouth dock-yard, and being informed that there was a convict on board one of the prison ships at this port, who was notorious for picking locks (being by profession a lock maker, and who has till recently, for several years been chiefly employed in picking and repairing locks in London,) Mr. C. requested the favour of the Commissioner the Honourable Sir George Grey to send for this man, that he might exercise his skill in attempting to pick his lock; and the Commissioner having been pleased to acquiesce in this request, the man was sent for accordingly, and one of Chubb's Patent Locks was submitted to his inspection, at the Storekeeper's office, in the presence of several of the principal officers; when, after a careful examination, he said, "he thought he could pick or open it with false instruments." He was therefore furnished with files, and all the tools he stated to be necessary to prepare the instruments for his purpose; and was directed to give notice to the storekeeper when he should be ready to make the trial, for the promotion of which, a reward of Five Pounds was promised him if he succeeded. In about three weeks after this he was ready; and a time being fixed for the purpose, he commenced his operations in endeavouring to pick one of the locks in the presence of the principal officers of the dockyard; but he could not succeed. He then stated, "that his failure was in consequence of his instruments not exactly fitting the lock." To remove this impediment, the Patentee offered to supply him with some blank keys, which should fit two of the locks, in order to his making another trial; these were furnished accordingly, together with a lock exactly the same in principle and in kind as those he had been trying, so that he might examine its construction, and make himself master of its principle. Shortly after, he made another attempt to pick two of the locks, in the presence of the honourable Sir George Grey, and the principal officers of the dock-yard; his success in this attempt was not better than the first; but he overlifted the detector of each lock. Sir George Grey then asked him what he would do in this case, supposing he had been making an attempt on such a lock, with an intent to commit a robbery? He said, "I would go no more to the lock; they would set a watch, and catch me." He still thought, however, that by a further alteration of the instruments, he could yet succeed; more time was therefore given, and every facility afforded him.

Some time afterwards he again repeated his efforts in the presence of the same gentlemen; but having, in his previous experiments, overlifted the detectors, he could not by any means disengage them; this was done for him several times with the keys belonging to the locks; but, as often as they were regulated, on every successive trial he detected them again; till at last he gave it up, saying, "that he had used his utmost ability in his repeated attempts, and could not succeed: that these locks were the most secure he had ever met with, and that he did not think it possible for any man to pick or open them with any false instruments whatever."

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS. No. VII.

Expert Workmanship.—James Leighton, an nail-smith, in the employ of Mr. Thomas Gillies, ironmonger in Stirling, Scotland, undertook, for a trifling bet, to make 17,030 double flooring, 1200 to a thousand of 20lbs. for two successive weeks, a task which must, to all who have any knowledge of the trade, seem scarcely credible. The workman finished his first week's task by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, resumed his labour on Monday Morning, and concluded his second week's task with even more ease than he did the first. Those who do not understand the nature of the work, may form some idea of the undertaking, when they are informed, that the above quantity is allowed to be as much as three ordinary men can perform without difficulty, and that, allowing 25 strokes of the hammer, (which is 2lbs. weight,) to each nail, including the cutting of the rods into a size convenient to be handled, and reuniting them when too short, there were no less than 1,033,656 strokes required before the task could be completed. In addition to this, the workman had to give from one to three blasts with his bellows for every nail he made—had to supply his fire with fuel—and had to move from the fire-place to where the nails were made, and *vice versa*, upwards of 42,836 times. The workman entered into his fifty-first year on the day on which he commenced his task—had been upwards of 42 years a nailer, and in 1800, when in Ireland, in his Majesty's service, beat one who was reckoned the best workman in that country, by 775 nails, during twelve hour's work.

Stone Barometer.—There is a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. This stone, which they call Ilmakiur, turns black, or blackish grey, when it is going to rain, but on the approach of fine weather it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and consisting of rock-salt, ammoniac, or saltpetre, which, according to the greater or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it, or otherwise. In the latter case, the salt appears, which forms the white spots.

Platina.—A wire of pure platina is drawn till ten grains of it measure twenty-four inches, so that its diameter is thus known to be 1-100th of an inch. A portion of this wire is then coated with silver cast round it in a cylindrical mould (about 3-10ths of an inch in diameter). The cylinder is then drawn till each inch is elongated to 400 inches, in which state the diameter of the platina is known to be reduced in the proportion of the square root of 400 or 20 fold; so that its diameter is then 1-2000th of an inch. If any portion of the silver wire be then farther drawn till one inch measures nine inches, the platina wire within it is then reduced to one-third part of its last diameter, and is consequently 1-6000th of an inch in thickness. If the silver part of the wire were then to be dissolved by nitric acid, the diameter of the platina which remains undissolved (although kept perfectly clean and distinct) could

not with confidence be pronounced more than 1-72,000th of an inch!

A Lamp which exhibits light without flame.—Around the tube of a small alcohol lamp twist a piece of platinum-wire, one hundredth part of an inch in diameter, and form about ten or a dozen convolutions above the tube with the same piece. This may be done by previously twisting the wire around a tobacco-pipe. Let the cotton wick be small, having its fibres loose, and standing perpendicular in the tube, but no higher than the third or fourth convolution. The coils towards the top should gradually become smaller as they approach it. The lamp should be a little more than half filled with alcohol, ether, or even camphor. Light the wick, and when the upper coils become red-hot, blow it out: all the wire above the wick will now arrive at a white heat, and continue to give out a most brilliant light as long as the alcohol, &c. continues to ascend by the capillary attraction of the cotton. In a dark room, a gentle lambent flame will be seen playing round the wire. This lamp evolves a degree of light not only sufficient to read the smallest characters, but it radiates with the intense splendour of substances undergoing combustion in oxygen gas, and is attended by heat so powerful that the alcohol often takes fire, and the lamp is spontaneously re-lighted within a few seconds after being extinguished.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Rein Deer.—In a herd there are almost always two or three brought up for hunting. The sagacity of this animal is inconceivable; it hunts while feeding, and if it meet a wild rein-deer, it imitates, without shewing either pleasure or surprise, the gait and motions of the latter, which frequently approaches without suspecting the deceit. They soon begin to play together, their horns entangle, and they retreat and pursue each other alternately. In these sportive races the tame rein-deer finds means to bring its prey gradually within the hunter's reach. With a rein-deer well broken he has the pleasure of taking the animal alive; it is only necessary to hang a noose to the horns of the former, and, while playing, it throws it over those of its adversary: the more the stranger struggles to get free, the closer the noose is drawn, and the more his companion pulls in a contrary direction to give his master time to come up. It is true the wild rein-deer sometimes suspects the stratagem, and escapes the danger by flight.

The Tortoise.—There is something very remarkable in the timidity always displayed by this garrisoned little animal with regard to rain. Though it has a shell over which the wheel of a loaded cart might pass without in any way injuring it, or its shielded tenant, yet does the creature discover as much solicitude about a shower as a lady in her gayest attire, always shuffling away on the first sprinkling, and running its head into some corner. If attended to, and narrowly observed, it serves as a very good barometer; for so sure as the animal walks elate, and as it were on tiptoe, feeding with great earnestness, there will fall rain before night.

The Greenland Puffin.—The puffin, or Greenland parrot, called in Norwegian, *lund*, breeds here (Carlsøe) in great numbers. The manner of catching them is curious, being by means of small dogs, trained to the sport. The puffins sitting together in prodigious numbers in the deep holes and clefts of the highest rocks, one of these dogs is sent in, which seizes the first by its wing. This, to prevent its being carried away, lays hold with its strong beak of the bird next to it, which, in like manner, seizes its neighbour; and, the dog continuing to draw

them out, an extraordinary string of these birds falls into the hands of the fowler. They are taken for their feathers, which are valuable.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES

FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

To Preserve Houses from Vermin.—Bugs, in particular, may readily be destroyed by dissolving half a drachm of corrosive sublimate in a quarter of an ounce of spirits of salts, mixing it with one quart of spirits of turpentine. Shake these well together; dip a brush in it, and wash those places where bugs are supposed to resort: this will remove them to a greater certainty than any other mode now practised.

Winter Cough.—The following prescription for a Constitutional or Winter Cough was obtained from Sir William Knighton, Bart. Take of almond emulsion 7½ ounces; syrup of white poppies, oxymel of squilla, of each two drachms; compound powder of gum tragacanth, one drachm. Two table-spoonfuls to be taken frequently.

Mahogany Tree.—The mahogany tree in St. Domingo is tall, straight, and beautiful, with red flowers, and oval lemon-sized fruit. When this tree grows on a barren soil, the grain of the wood is beautifully variegated; upon rich ground, it is pale, open, and of little value. The machineal tree also grows on this island, and its wood furnishes slabs for furniture, interspersed with beautiful green and yellow veins, like marble; but the dust of this wood is of so acrid and poisonous a nature, that the carpenters are forced to work with gauze masks to protect them from its injurious effects.

Granite.—A solid block of granite, of a beautiful grey colour, has been detached from a quarry in Aberdeenshire, of the extraordinary dimensions of 22 feet long, 16 feet high, and 10 feet wide. It was separated from the rock by a bore of 10 feet deep, and 2½ inches diameter, charged with 20lb. of gunpowder. The weight of this tremendous stone is 270 tons.

Needles.—A Frenchman, named Vanhoutem, has obtained a ten years patent, for the invention of machinery to groove and pierce needles, on an entirely new construction.

Cornwall Mines.—They are at present actually working over again some old mines which had been abandoned as exhausted,—not for the purpose of detecting any vein or ore which the old miners had overlooked, but for obtaining what was formerly cast aside as refuse; but which is now found to be incomparably more valuable than the substance for which they were alone in search formerly. The metal, for which the mine was originally worked, was tin, while the ore, which they threw aside as valueless, is copper!

Extraordinary Renovation of Sight.—There is now living in the township of Up-holland, a man by the name of Holywell, who was obliged to use spectacles a many years. In 1816, when 88 years of age, his sight returned to him so that he could see to read the smallest print without the assistance of glasses, and continues to read without them to this day, at the advanced age of 96.

Restoration of Speech.—About two years ago, a little boy, whilst in the playground of a most respectable school at Mitcham, Surrey, in apparently good health and spirits, was suddenly struck speechless. He received the best medical attendance, and was often seen by Dr. Babington and Mr. Abernethy, who

both predicted his recovery, and recommended him to keep perfectly quiet. After remaining several months by the sea-side, he was taken under the roof and immediate care of Mr. Wingfield, an eminent surgeon at Oxford, who caused him to undergo a regular course of electricity and galvanism, accompanied by tonic preparations, for nearly four months, when he ordered him again to sea. From this time he has been gradually recovering his speech, and is now returned to London, as well as ever. For eighteen months he never articulated a single sound.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

SONG OF MORAV THE PERSIAN.

Morav, the enthusiastic votary of the poet of Shiraz, though he strung his harp to morals alone, sought the tomb of his patron to muse, during the season of blossoms and of fragrance. The daughters of his country were dancing round him, on the banks of the crystal Roknabad, or were solacing themselves in the delicious bowers of Rosellay. The sage was inspired by their beauty: he waked from the torpor of age, and recalled the days when he was young. He waved his hand, and they crowded round him; he opened his lips, and attention sat on their eyelids:—

"Damsels of Shiraz," said Morav, "whose breath is sweeter than the rose that sheds perfume on the tomb of Hafez, whose eyes outshine the dewy gems of the morning, and whose bloom is bright as the hours, list to the strain of Morav, and let your hearts drink his words; so shall your beauties be prolonged beyond the mortal date, and time strive in vain to rob you of a single grace. Why runs the stream of Roknabad with unsullied clearness? Why will the groves of Rosellay for ever charm? It is, because they are immortalized by virtue and genius; it is, because their beauties are embalmed in the lays of Hafez,* and fancy delights to contemplate them in all their original purity and perfection. The stream may indeed become turbid by autumnal rains, the groves may wither at the approach of the winter of age; but we suffer not ourselves to see the change; we open the poet's page, and the lapse of years presents them the same—the vicissitudes of chance and time are no more.

Lovely daughters of Shiraz, do ye not mark the moral of my strain? The fame once acquired is never lost: the praise of early virtue is eternal. Though ye now weave the dance of harmony with the rapid motion of light, though the music of your tongues is the echo of the melody of the spheres, and your forms recall the favourites of the prophet; yet a period must come, when the step will falter, the voice lose its tone, and the face wear the furrows of time. What is mortal must await the lot of mortality; but is there no means of suspending its doom or averting its power? Yes!—Mind is not subject to the revolutions of time: the qualities of the soul are not obscured by age.

* The mausoleum of Hafez, the most renowned poet of Persia, stands about two miles from the walls of Shiraz, in a garden shaded by some of the finest cypresses that ever waved their tops. It is of extraordinary size and beauty, and on its sides are inscribed some lines from the poet's works, while its top is decorated with a beautiful copy of the whole. During the spring and summer, the inhabitants resort thither, and join in exercise or amusement, or make frequent libations of the delicious wine of that province to the memory of their favourite bard, while the repetition of his finest verses gives an enthusiasm to their delight. Here the principal youths of the city of Shiraz assemble, to contemplate the beauties of nature and to read the lays of Hafez, who is never mentioned without veneration. Close by the garden, in which his tomb is erected, flows the stream of Roknabad, and in the vicinity is the bower of Rosellay.

Damsels of Shiraz! I see you listen to the song of Morav. I paint no voluptuous scenes to inflame the natural ardour of youth; nor shall my voice throw a gloom over innocent delights. To perpetuate your reign is the object of your poet's lay. Let joy sparkle in your eyes and throb at your breasts; nor think it a crime to be gay. Let pleasure mix its cup, nor push away the hand that offers it; but sip the delicious draught with caution. Its surface is nectar, but poison lurks at the bottom. How many have drained it to the dregs at once, and for ever lost the relish of enjoyment! Innocence thinks not of the danger of intoxication, till the fiat of destiny arrests its course. Observe with watchful eye the ingredients of which the balmy bowl of pleasure is composed, and dash it from your lips before it can pall on the taste; so will temperate repetition be sweet, nor purity of soul be sunk in the stupor of sense.

Weave the chaplet of delight to crown the brow of youth, but mix with it the perennial flowers that will bloom in the days of age. Spring and summer are prolific of spontaneous shade, to screen from the rays of the sun; but the prudent rear the stately, solemn cypreas, not only to diversify the prospect, but to shelter them from the cold. Thus the gay dreams of hope and the vivid taste for enjoyment spring unsought in the early period of life; but to prolong their stay, or to provide a substitute for their loss, some qualities must be cultivated along with them, which are more permanent in their beauty and duration.

Damsels of Shiraz, hear! Though love lights your eyes and peace attends your steps, if the mind is left a blank, or if it is suffered to be overrun with the weeds of error, your influence will be more frail than your charms. Who is she that maintains her empire to the last, and is the more beloved the longer she is known, but the woman who has said to Wisdom, thou shalt be my guide,—and has taken pains to embellish it, by the blended attractions of good-humour, meekness, benevolence, and discretion? Not half so captivating to the senses is the spicy gale that blows over the blooming gardens of our native city; not half so sweet are the magic numbers of Hafez, as the face of beauty, illumined with the smiles of good-nature,—the pure soul of benevolence and sensibility emanating its lustre in the duties of female life.

Virgins of Shiraz! do your hearts pant for the bliss of reciprocal endearment? Is it your dream by night and study by day to render yourselves lovely and beloved? Know that on yourselves it must depend, whether your vows will be heard, and your hopes realized. Man may be the temporary slave of your charms, but he will only be durably attached to your virtues. You were formed to strew roses round his steps, and shed sunshine on his head; and if you plant the thorn in his way, or gloom his prospect with the tenebrous of ill-humour, he will tear you from his heart with contempt, and triumph over your ineffectual malice or your perverse folly. Instead of being your friend, he will thus become your tyrant; and the soft sighs of love, which are best adapted to your tender ears, will be changed to the voice of hatred, and the frown of defiance.

Damsels of Shiraz! estimate the extent of the feminine powers, and use them with discretion. Seek not for sensual admiration, nor waste a sigh on the frivolous and the vain. Let modesty beam in your eyes, and honour sit enthroned on your bosoms. If the incense of adulation should be offered up, even on the bended knee, let not its fumes intoxicate the sense; if friendship should venture to whisper foibles which are endeared to you by habit, let not its breath give offence, nor its suggestions pass unnoticed, like the transient

breeze that just moves the top of the cypress, and then is felt no more.

Lovely daughters of Shiraz! Morav pours forth the fervent prayer for your bliss. His monitory strains, for which you have suspended the dance and the song, are the test of his faithful regard. They boast no fascination to delude the mind; under them lurks no poison to taint the frame. Bear away the tenor of his lay with you, and recall it when you sit retired in the harem, that it may be familiar when you come in contact with the world. The maxims of virtue are the mental mirror; but they not only reflect images, they embody the representations of truth.

Damsels of Shiraz! though the heart of Morav is not insensible to your charms, it has long ceased to pay homage to beauty, when destitute of sentiment. It throbs to see the angelic form robed in the purity of virtue. His voice does not invite the fair to drench reason in the oblivious draughts of pleasure, but to lay the basis of pleasure on the exercise of reason. If one who now listens becomes the better or the happier for his lays, the stream of Rocknabad shall roll his fame to other lands, and the prophet reward his toils. Flow, gentle stream, with sweeter cadence; for on your banks the lovely maids of Shiraz have deigned to smile approbation on Morav!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Colloflexion; or Twelve choice Specimens of the art of Bowing in England.

1. *The Royal Bow.*—This is rather a formidable undertaking, many attempt it, but few excel. There is a *je ne sais quoi* about it, which has a peculiar character. The graceful swan-like declension of the head, accompanied by an affable smile on its rise, has a very prepossessing appearance. This bow is generally practised preparatory to a drawing-room or levee. Many men imagine they fail in executing it, on account, perhaps, of omitting the royal buttoning up of their coat; others fancy they are too thin to give proper effect to the congé; whilst others, still more rash, condemn Stultz the tailor, for building such high collars, and giving them such tight waists. But it won't do; the king can do no wrong—but his subjects may.

2. *The Automaton.*—This, as the name bespeaks, is a regular four in a bar sort of bow, a stately movement of the caput and corpus. On horseback it looks uncommonly well, for it merely requires the right hand to be carried to the chapeau in a salute sort of style, and then to raise the beaver in a sweeping way, as much as to say, "Avaunt, ye slaves."

N. B. The effect of all out-door bows, depends greatly on the form of the beaver.

3. *The Baronet.*—This bow has not much in it, but still, when Lady Jessica is heard to admire the peculiar bow of Sir Lorenzo Make-face, pride is touched, and emulation prompts a man to acquire the style. It is, however, worth attempting, as it only requires two or three nods in rapid succession; at the same time rubbing the hands, and using a short shuffling step. All this machinery gives a man the appearance of being on very friendly terms with the lady of the house.

4. *The Commoner.*—The swells reckon on this bow regularly Gothish, but let me say, there is much cordiality in it which savours of the old school; but it has long been handed over to the real country esquire, for in town it would be considered North Poleish; as entirely taking off the hat is dangerous, troublesome, and vulgar. The commoner was much used in friend Shakspeare's time, it was then accompanied with the cinque-

5. *The Swell, or Military,* which in truth is no bow, but merely a pretence, and yet the ladies admire it, and why? Because it is military. It only requires you to bend the body about two degrees out of the perpendicular, and to drop the head in a languishing style on the left shoulder, which signifies as much as to say, "I see ye, my people."

6. *The Ko-tou, or Chopper,* is so named in compliment to the Emperor of China, and is generally practised, not only on account of its facility, but of the rapidity with which it may be performed. All the descendants of our ambassadors to the tea country, are very perfect in the art. Some of the Italian images about the streets give a very fair specimen of the fashion. This mode of salutation easily lets your friends know that you have not time for words.

7. *The Don Guzman or Statue.*—Dress parties, balls, and dinners, afford an opportunity of sporting this formal bow. The only nuisance in it is, that it is apt to disturb the economy of a good starched cloth, as the descent of the chin on the breast-bone must be performed in a solemn and andante movement, which, when well executed, reminds the company of Act IV. scene 5, of a celebrated opera.

N. B. The bowee must not smile whilst making his obeisance, as the effect would be spoiled.

8. *The Professional.*—This bow is very easy, and at the same time expeditious. Six or seven may be made during the time of one Don Guzman.—Lawyers, physicians, masters, public-office men, citizens, and all those sort of genii adopt it, as it shews importance of time, and serves to remind the bowee, that every moment is a guinea, or six and eight-pence. This did not nodding sort of bow, will be found very useful in turning corners of streets, should you wish to avoid speaking to a friend.

9. *The Country Bow.*—Put your left-hand into your waistcoat or lower pocket, as a sort of rest, then place your feet in the first position, and wink the left eye at the moment of nodding the caput. This bow is generally practised at watering places by the loungers outside the library door, or by farmers at public meetings.

10. *The Plasterer.*—This bow needs very little description, for there are very few persons, I am confident, that have not witnessed it. Every clod who has a shilling given him, or culprit that is acquitted, gives a specimen of it.—The trick merely consists in smoothing down the hair with the right hand as soon as the castor is removed, bending the head rather low, and at the same time throwing back the right leg in a sort of Jack-ass kick. Connor, in the Farce of the Duel, gave several superior specimens of this bow. Black greasy hair, combed well over the forehead, adds considerably to the effect of the "Plasterer."

11. *The House of Commons.*—This bow, or rather nod, took its rise in the long sessions of 1814, when many members, worn out with the excessive fatigue they had encountered, found this mode of salutation very useful. It served to remind the opposition that they (the members) were aware of the Ayes and Noes, and that they had not taken a sleeping part. From the house it has found its way to the auction, or assembly-room, where it is quite indispensable, as it saves all danger of breaking the os colli.

12. And last.—*The Exquisite.*—Every young man fancies himself perfect master of this piece of refinement, and therefore, it would be needless for me to lay down any particular rule. It is a sort of finish which is easily gained, and when tastefully executed, looks uncommonly

interesting. There is a sort of languishing and affected manner about it which touches the heart, as it were of the young lady, who is the cause of the throw out of the perpendicular. It is generally noticed that the gill is pulled, or the chin felt with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, immediately after the performance.—Whether this is to qualify a gentle blush which is apt to flow under some fair skins, or to rectify a stiff cloth, which in the exertion may have been displaced, I cannot pretend to say; but a few hours devotion to the looking-glass, or "Mirror," will soon render a man perfect master of any of the twelve bows above printed.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 47 Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Suicide Prevented. Presence of Mind. The Echo.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Norwegians and Laplanders. No. III.*

THE DRAMA.—*The Earl of Ross, a Tragedy.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of William Hogarth.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*The Agate Mills at Oberstein in Germany. Properties of October Beer. Patent Roller Pump. Curiosities for the Ingenious, No. 3.—Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.—Natural History.*

LITERATURE.—*St. Roman's Well. By Dr. Greenfield, the author of the Waverly Novels.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The London Undertaker and the Overtaker.*

POETRY.—*The Dirge; by J. R. Sutermeister, with other pieces.*

GLEANS, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

The commissioners of the Canal fund have made their annual report to the Legislature, from which it appears that the actual revenue of the last year has exceeded the estimate then made of \$113,002.

A Society has been formed at Philadelphia, named, "The Franklin Institute of the state of Pennsylvania, for the promotion of the mechanic arts."

A memorial has been presented to Congress by Dr. Smith of Baltimore, suggesting the propriety of appointing a central agent and other agents, through whom genuine vaccine matter may be distributed throughout the country.

Oysters are mild, balsamic, and cooling articles of food, and are recommended as of the utmost benefit to those who are troubled with warm flushings of the face, and other feverish symptoms, usually felt in declines, and in nervous and irritable constitutions.

Mr. Coleridge has succeeded Mr. Gifford as Editor of the London Quarterly Review, with a salary of 1000*l.* sterling per annum.

Capt. Parry is about to proceed on the new expedition to Regent's Inlet; and Capt. Lyon to Repulse bay, from thence over land to Hearne's or Copper mine River, and to explore the coast of the Arctic sea, from Mackenzie's river to Icy Cape, by land.

Captain Sabine has arrived in England from Spitzbergen, where he had been to ascertain the situation of the pendulum.

MARRIED,

Mr. Samuel Taylor to Miss Elizabeth Blake.
Mr. John Case to Miss Deborah Brouwer.
Mr. Thomas S. Kuhn to Miss Eliza Egerton.
Lieut. Charles H. Bell of the U. S. N. to Miss Eliza S. Swartwout.
Mr. William H. Welling to Miss Elizabeth Tier.
Mr. John Miller to Miss Isabella Barr.
Mr. Horace Bennet to Miss Christian Conklin.
Mr. James Casey to Miss Hetty Drake.

DIED,

Mr. John Lature, aged 38 years.
Mary Hanford, aged 33 years.
Mr. Daniel Bingham, aged 72 years.
William Child.
Mrs. Eleanor Huthwaite, aged 82 years.
Mrs. Grace Hayes, aged 78 years.
Arza M. Avery, aged 30 years.
Mrs. Phoebe Nexsen, aged 28 years.
Harriet Dayton, aged 57 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

WOMAN'S EYES.

If woman's eye, if woman's eye,
Were all that lovers make it,
The sun himself should leave the sky,
And ev'ry star forsake it.
If the bright sun, love, waxeth dim
When her eye upward gazeth,
And so outglows the light of him,
That like a torch he blazeth.
They say if woman clouds her brow
All heaven feels the wonder,
And seraphs hush their harps to know
What sun is torn asunder.
And trembling Flora shuns the vale,
And leaves her bright dominions;
Her bowers fade, her roses pale—
For blushes too have pinions.
Believe it not, believe it not,
For, love, this sober reason—
The world would not have one bright spot
In spring or summer season,
If it were thus—and thine eyes shone
As some would say it shineth—
For, love, thou always wear'st a frown—
Yet only my heart pineth.
Feb. 11, 1824. MARION.

For the Minerva.

To the Memory of the late Samuel D. Vanderheyden, Esq. of Troy, Rensselaer Co.

"And what than friendship's manly tear,
May better grace a brother's bier?" BYRON.
Cold in the grave! And can it be
While yet the leaf of life is green,
That the dark spoiler blasts the tree,
And scatters ruin o'er the scene?
He cometh late, he cometh soon,
He lurketh in the morning prime—
He lurketh in the beam of noon,
And in the shade of evening time.
And early hath he brought thee low,
Friend of my boyhood's frolic years!
Companion of my weal or woe,
In days remembered now with tears.
High hopes were thine, and dreams were thine.
And rainbow thoughts of coming hours;
And love looked on with eyes benign,
And wove for thee a crown of flowers.
That crown entwined thy smiling brow,
I saw it there but yesterday
In brightness and in beauty—now
It lieth wasted to decay.
Sadder and darker now the wreath
Woven by thy untimely doom:
It is the coronal of death—
It is the chaplet of the tomb!
High-souled and noble-hearted man,
I loved thee, and I well may mourn
Over the shortness of thy span,
And o'er thy hopes thus early shorn.
For we were linked in unison
By many an unforgotten tie,
When life was fair, and ere the sun
Of happiness had left my sky.
Together did our bosoms beat,
And plans of future pleasure form;
And pledge in after years to meet
In this cold world with hearts still warm.
Together did our souls unite,
And coming joy was aye our theme—
Oh! for those visions of delight—
Oh! for our boyhood's broken dream!

Alas! mysterious destiny
Dashed long ago my joys to dust;
But fate was kinder far to thee,
And bade thee in the future trust.
Thy manhood met upon the earth
With joys, while mine did meet with none;
To thee life was a thing of worth,
Yet I am left—and thou art gone!

Friend of my primal hours, farewell:
What e'er my chequered life may be,
The memory of my heart shall dwell
Kindly and mournfully with thee.

Thou badst thy faults, but let them rest
Where rests thy cold and faded brow;
And cursed be the unfeeling breast,
That harbours aught against thee now!

FLORIO.

For the Minerva.

SONG.

"Oh, pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again." MOORE.
Why so teasing, why so teasing,
Mary, why thus tease me so?
You deny that I'm pleasing,
Yet you never bid me go.
Why is this? you will not leave me;
Still remain to tease me so;
You won't smile 'cause 't does please me—
Can't you rather bid me go?

I won't endure it, 'tis such folly
Thus to tease and vex me so,
This poor heart's grown melancholy,
Which ne'er till now, such cares did know.

I pray thee, Mary, cease thy taunting,
Never more to vex me so;
Or this vow shall seal our parting,
Farewell! Farewell! I'm D. I. O.

P. L. T.

TO THE CRICKET.

Sprightly Cricket, chirking still
Merry music, short and shrill;
In my kitchen take thy rest
As a truly welcome guest;
For no evils shall betide
Those with whom thou dost reside.
Nor shall thy good-omen'd strain
E'er salute my ear in vain.
With the best I can invent
I'll requite the compliment;
Like thy sonnets, I'll repay
Little sonnets, quick and gay.

Thou, a harmless inmate deem'd,
And by housewives much esteemed,
Wilt not pillage for thy diet,
Nor deprive us of our quiet;
Like the horrid rat voracious,
Or the lick'ish mouse sagacious;
Like the herd of vermin base,
Or the pilf'ring reptile race;
But content art thou to dwell
In thy chimney-corner cell;
There, unseen, we hear thee greet
Safe and snug, thy native heat.

Thou art happier, happier far,
Than the happy grasshopper,
Who, by nature, doth partake
Something of thy voice and make;
Skipping lightly o'er the grass,
As her sunny minutes pass;
For a summer month or two
She can sing and sip the dew:
But at Christmas, as in May,
Thou art ever brisk and gay,
Thy continued song we hear,
Thrilling, thrilling, all the year.

Every day and every night
Bring to thee the same delight;
Winter, Summer, cold or hot,
Late or early, matters not;
Mirth and music still declare
Thou art ever void of care:
Whilst with sorrows and with fears,
We destroy our days and years;
Thou, with constant joy and song,
Ev'ry minute dost prolong,
Making thus thy little span
Longer than the age of man.

Reflections on the tomb of Columbus.
BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

Silence, solemn, awful, deep,
Doth in that hall of death her empire keep:
Save when at times the hollow pavement, smote
By solitary wand'rer's foot, again
From lofty dome and arch and aisle remote,
A circling loud response receives again.

The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,
And sees the blazon'd trophies waving near:
"Ha! I tread my feet so near that sacred ground!"
He stoops and bows his head: "Columbus resteth here!"

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home
He launch his vent'rous bark, will hither come,
Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name,—
With feelings keenly touch'd—with heart of flame:
Till wrapp'd in fancy's wild delusive dream,
Times past and long forgotten, present seem:
To his charm'd year the east wind rising shrill,
Seems through the hero's shroud to whistle still,—
The clock's deep pendulum, swinging through the blast,
Sounds like the roaking of his lofty mast;
While stifled gusts rave like his clam'rous band,
Mix'd with the accents of his high command.
Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,
And burns and sighs and weeps to be what he has been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,
As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part!

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When, but for those, our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—
A desert bare, a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,—
The lofty marks of what have been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name!
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck but fix'd and bright,
To guide us through the dreary night,—
Each hero shines and lures the soul,
To gain the distant happy goal.

For is there one who, musing o'er the grave
Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,
Can poorly think, beneath the mould'ring heap,
That noble being shall for ever sleep?
No, with the gen'rous heart, and proudly swell,—
"Though his cored corpse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

Epigram.

From the French.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

I.
Because he is laced up.

II.
Because they have yards.

Answer to Charade.

From ink hath sprung both hate and love,
Dire rage and discord fell,
Sometimes it seems sent from above,
Sometimes a gift from hell.

The watchful sentinel cries stand,
Whene'er he hears a tread:
But you obey not such command,
When running, or in bed.

Few things are in more general use,
Throughout all civil land;
Or subject to more vile abuse,
(You'll grant,) than an inkstand.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Why is a beaten General like vanity?

II.
Why is a person looking at a show like a bee-hive?

III.
What two monosyllables are those that divide the whole world?

IV.
How many sorts of retribution are there, and what are they?

V.
How many things are chiefly required in a good Surgeon?

A COMPLETE AMERICAN CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- After Christ.
- 1781 Battle of Guilford court house (N. C.), in which the Americans under general Greene, are defeated by lord Cornwallis, March 15.
— Battle of Camden (S. C.), between general Greene and lord Rawdon, when the Americans were obliged to retire, April 25.
— Fort Granby (S. C.) taken by the British, May 15.
— Comte de Grasse with 28 French sail of the line, arrives in the Chesapeake and re-inforces La Fayette with 3200 men, August 30.
— Battle of Eutaw Springs (S. C.), when the British are defeated by the Americans under general Greene, with the loss of 1100 men, September 9.
— New London burnt by the British under general Arnold, September 13.
— Colonel Willst defeats the British at Mohawk river (N. Y.) October 24.
— Earl Cornwallis surrenders his whole army, consisting of 7000 men, to the combined American and French army under general Washington, at Yorktown (Vir.). October 19.
— Henry Laurens released from his confinement in the tower, December 31.
1782 The first impression of the Bible in the United States is printed at Philadelphia.
— Holland acknowledges the Independence of the United States, April 19.
— Sir Guy Carleton arrives at New-York with powers to treat of peace with the United States, May 5.
— Treaty of amity and commerce concluded between Holland and the United States, October 8.
— Independence of the United States acknowledged by Great Britain, and provisional treaty of peace signed at Paris, November 30.
1783 Preliminary articles of peace between France, Spain, and Britain, signed at Versailles, January 20.
— Armistice between Britain and Holland, February 10.
— Treaty between the United States and Sweden, April 1.
— Definitive treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, September 3.
— The American army disbanded, November 3.
— New-York evacuated by the British, November 25.
— General Washington resigns his commission to congress at Annapolis (Md.) December 20.
1784 Treaty of peace ratified by congress January 4.
— Treaty of peace ratified by Great Britain, April 9.
— M. Ternant, ambassador from France, arrives in the United States.
— The Rev. Samuel Seabury, D.D. consecrated bishop of Connecticut by four nonjuring prelates, at Aberdeen, in Scotland, November 14.
1786 Shay's insurrection in Massachusetts December 17.
1787 The Rev. Samuel Provost, of New-York, and the Rev. William White, of Pennsylvania, consecrated bishops of those states, at London, by the archbishop of Canterbury, February 4.
— The federal convention assembled at Philadelphia report a new Constitution for the United States, September 17.
1788 General Washington chosen the first president of the United States [First term].
1789 General Servier defeats the Creek and Cherokee Indians, with a loss of 145 men, January.
— First congress under the new constitution, meet at New-York, March 4.
1790 Philadelphia made the seat of the general government.
— General Harmer defeated by the Miami Indians, having 183 killed, and 31 wounded, September 29.
— Dr. Madison consecrated bishop of Virginia by the archbishop of Canterbury.
1791 Vermont acknowledged a free and independent state, and admitted into the union, March 4.
— General St. Clair defeated by the Miami Indians, with a loss of 640 men, November 4.
1792 Mint established at Philadelphia.
— George Hammond, ambassador from Great Britain arrives in the United States.
— Kentucky made a state, and admitted into the union.
— Ed. C. Genet, ambassador from France, arrives in the United States, April 8.

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